

hote pies, hote,
Gode gris³ and gees • gowe dyne, gowe!

Accordingly, all readers could count on finding themselves somewhere or other in this vast and comprehensive work. At Court perhaps few looked to see. It is not likely that *Piers Plowman* lay in the lap of Alice Ferrers; or that she would have taken much pleasure (any more than Mary Stuart sitting under John Knox) in its bitter picture of her type—that Lady Meed (Gain, Remuneration), 'comune as the cart-wey' and daughter of False, whose portion in her marriage with Pavel (Flattery) is 'the erldome of Envy' and 'the lordship of Lecherye', followed by the bitter reversion hereafter of ^adwellyng with the devel... with al the purtenaunces of Purgatorie • in-to the pyne of Helle'. And probably her royal lover never turned his eyes from hers to read the stern warning of Conscience to his King, that his power is conditional on his just use of it; or that prophetic vision of the true constitutional monarch which future centuries were more and more to realise in England:

knyghthod hym ladde,
Might of the comunes • made hym to regne.

Indeed the upper classes in general may well have had as litde taste for this hedge-poet with his reminders that *noblesse oblige*—that *Piers Plowman* is for the knight to protect, not to rack-rent, and that *ye lovelye ladyes with youre longe fynGRES* should use them for the poor—as the, beauties and gallants of Whitehall for the preachments of John Bunyan. It is unpleasant to be told

In charnel atte chirche • cherles ben yvel to
knowe,
Or a knyghte from a knave there • knowe this in

thin herte.

One knows that only too well already,
without being
reminded. Or again;

igs. (Cjf. Grisedale in the Lake District.)